

nostrils, "as all Chinamen eat chop suey, the Chinamen who murdered Elsie Seigel ate chop suey. Do you see the connection, Watson?"

It was too deep for me, yet I felt no chagrin at not being able to follow the marvelous convolutions of a mind like that of Sholmes.

"Well," he said, rather impatiently, "Charles Sing was a Chinaman. He ate chop suey. The murderers of Elsie Seigel were Chinamen. They ate chop suey. So, curiously enough, there appears to be a hazy connection between that murder and the death of Charles Sing in Chicago."

"Marvelous!" was all I could ejaculate from a mouth gaping wide with wonder and astonishment.

Herlock Sholmes smiled in amusement. I felt as one rebuked. It all seemed so plain and simple once he had explained it.

"Never mind, Watson," he said, consolingly. "All of us cannot be great editors and great detectives, although some of us would make amazing bartenders."

"To unravel this apparently baffling mystery," Sholmes continued, "all we need do is to follow the trail of the lonesome chop suey to its ultimate conclusion. I venture to say, Watson, that none of these dub Chicago detectives ever thought of that."

Here Sholmes actually chuckled, and I carefully jotted it down in my note book.

"But let them go to it in their own way," he resumed. "Let them try the once over and the third degree. But I will show them in this great murder mystery all the fantastic elements of mystery—drugs of strange properties, yellow villains whose very names spread the silence of terror in Chinatown—romance and degradation—the suggestion of a nationwide conspiracy—the outcroppings of evidence of a maze of murder-slavery plot for traffic in white and Chinese girls—a scenario of sensation surpassing fictional fancy."

The great head dropped forward.

That Grecian chin rested on the unresisting bosom of his pleated shirt. The eyes—those boring eyes—lost their luster.

"Quick, Watson, the needle," he whispered.

With rare presence of mind and the hypodermic I gave the great genius another shot in the arm.

Slowly he came to. Then three. And finally four. Ah! The Sign of the Four! The thrill darted through his flaccid veins, closely followed by the blood. A quiver trembled through his entire nervous system from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

When he had finally arrived, he calmly lighted another cigaret, carefully reached over and pulled his creased pants an inch and three-quarters above the knee cap, hemmed slightly to clear his throat, and said:

"Yes, Watson, I like this great editing much better than great detectiveing. We will now follow the trail of the chop suey. Bring your pistol with you, Watson. Also your chopsticks. Are you ready, Watson? Forward march! Hep—hep!—hep!—hep!—hep!"

I followed the great Herlock Sholmes on to new adventure—to solve the great Sing murder mystery.

That was years ago, children, yet I remember it all as clearly as if it were yesternight. And Herlock Sholmes was sure some great editor, believe me.

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WHEW! WHEW! WHEW!

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 9.—United States government is expected to shortly object to state house skunk. The odiferous kitten that has taken up his home in the capital dome got into the capitol postoffice and tags on state house mail are now unnecessary. Mail clerk who thrust his arms into mail pouch gave one sniff and fainted as he encountered something warm, furry, wriggly and smelly.